

031992 Days in light Eve's in sight

This is a journal of daily remembrances. It is a board for ideas rebounding. It can be about today, yesterday or tomorrow. Or all of them. Or none. It can be about the blackness. The dark side. Brought to light to grow or shrivel under observation and inspection. It can be whatever it becomes or doesn't become.

Only one thing is certain – it is all mine! Creation? And just to be certain – if you are reading this without the author's permission – you are subject to the laws of karma just like everyone else.

032092

Snowed all day yesterday. First snow of the year. Rode my bike to work anyway.

Nobody really sees. Even when they look they don't see anything except what they want to see. Illusions. Confusions.

They all file in. One at a time, couples, groups. Hello! Good morning! How are you? How's it going? Hi!

It all means nothing. No sincerity. No real meaning. Just useless mumbles. Jumbled sound vibrations echoing thru empty halls. Falling on closed minds. In one ear and out the other. After being spoken it is immediately broken. Forgotten. Let's just get it over with and go home and forget about it.

Watch television. Listen to music. Go to the movies. Video games. Night clubs. Strip joints. Drugs. Alcohols. Or just go to sleep. Forget. Remember nothing. Be happy (stupid).

032092

Back at work. Day and night. It doesn't end. Day after day. Night after night. Week after week. It becomes one long blur. 36 years is just a blur. A fog. With small lights. Too few to make an impression except as a break in continuity.

Some things you remember. Some you forget. Some things you bury. Sometimes so deep. So hidden. You can't find them without help.

Bare. Uncovered. Beginning. You must dig them out. At the root. Examine. Research. Classify. But will it help? Is there really something there to expose?

Right now. 2257. It fights me. It doesn't want me to know. I feel it in the back of my head. The lower back center of my shoulders. Fear is the emotion. It thrusts up and down my spine. Forget! Forget! We are not afraid.

But I feel his fear. What is it?

051292 1254

Life is funny. The humour ends when someone shoots at you.
Random. Unplanned. Just pick a target. There's a guy on a bike.
Let's drive by him and have a little target practice. Bap! Bap! Bap!
Hit the gas and haul ass. DKG DNY 193

Supersoul is right here sitting beside me watching me. He has been there for countless lifetimes.

060892 2326 Virginia bits

Going out in the fresh rain. Yellow bright raincoat with big side pockets. "Keep your hood on and you won't get sick!"

Splattering water feels soothing with its own flavor of energy.

Walking in the puddles and little rivers by the empty curb. No cars go down Almond avenue.

My boots splash and nudge stones. White, pink, yellow, orange. All smoothies. Good safe feel. Put it in your pocket. Another one and another.

Almond avenue goes two ways. One way goes to school and the stores. And the mobile library with Winnie the Pooh and Piglet.

The other way goes to the woods and the creek, crickets, grasshopping bugs of every size and color. Flying grasshoppers. I'd catch them one by one and put 'em in a mayonnaise jar with a stick inside for them to climb around on. Holes for air in the lid.

060892 2336

The creek was full of crawfish and newts. The crawfish were pretty easy to catch with your bare hands and plop 'em into a jar of water.

Newts were a lot harder to catch. None of us ever came close. Except once.

We were all at the creek on a hot day during summer vacation. Me, Larry and Paul.

Three crawfishermen with their three trusty mayonnaise jars. Men against crawfish in a bare handed brawl of speed and sleight of hand. It was going too easy. Crawfish were falling into our jars.

There on a wet rock was a red-brown newt. My hand snapped out and caught his tail. I had him. "Put him in the jar!"

My jar was behind theirs. I couldn't put it in his jar. He might not give it back. So I tried to hurry to my jar but I just couldn't. Oh no. I dropped him. In tears.

Almond Ave. A fairy tale. Bittersweet grass with Sheba lying next to me. Green eye and blue. White fluffy hair. On her leash.

Frogs jump right out of small dirt mounds. Catching newts and

baby crawfish. Bare handed and barefoot. The little creek trembling through the woods and rocks and leaves. Little boys and their first and last taste of true happiness. Togetherness.

Mom's dried biscuits. Late nights by myself. Chiller theater and dry biscuits. The start of my separation?

Visited Richmondtown Settlement with Leroy yesterday.
Tin smith. Basket weaving. Linen spinning.

It reminded me of Virginia. Finding a genuine Civil War bullet. Being caught in the rain among the trees. Running from lightning. Jamestown. Sparks of past life. Dad was there. Where else was he? At Eskimo Pie.

060892 2354

I'm not using the other side right now.

OK I'll try to put this down just as it happened.

A few months after L. SR. left this planet, or just his body, he came to visit me in a dream.

I was walking into our bedroom at 303 Onky-donk and I saw Ma and Paul giving L. SR. money so that he would leave them alone. I said "No more!" and I jumped in between them and took the money away from L. SR. and gave it back to Ma and Paul.

"We're not giving you anymore money. I'm throwin you outta here!"

We started wrestling. I threw him and he threw me. I had him in a headlock and rammed him into a bedpost. It went on and on.

We moved to Mom's bedroom and started boxing. I threw lefts and rights, uppercuts, undercuts, overcuts, combos, fritos.

I was beating him. Then we were in the parlor. I was Bruce to his Chuck. We flew and kicked and flipped but I did the most damage.

Just when I thought I had him he fell to his knees at my feet and beggingly pleaded -

"Please, John, don't make the same mistake as me."

080792 1825 Found in an old notebook

Whenever we see a person suffering in this world, we know his reactions to sin are being reduced, and whenever we see a person enjoying, we know he is using up his pious credits. So illness is not an enemy in any case.

Determination is a bodily consideration; celibacy makes one strong to persevere. If we try for a goal and do not attain it right away we should not lose determination.

Though the colour be fragrant
The flower will fall
Who in this world of ours
Will live forever

072295 1400 nocturnal journal – devotee ?

Back again. Must try to journalize my experience.
Dreams.

1) I am in a basement cafeteria. Long tables with benches similar to any NY public school lunch room.

I am in the kitchen looking out at the lunchroom as the devotees come in and sit down at the tables. They are returning from Harinama sankirtana full of the bliss of distributing the holy names :

*Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare*

I know some by name : Krishna Kumari devi dasi, bhakta Jerry, Rasaraja. They are all engaged in Krishna katha; some sitting, some standing, gesticulating, animated.

As I look at them some turn towards me and start walking in my direction led by Krishna Kumari. As they get closer I turn away and start walking through a black doorway. vas.

2) I walk from dark to light. I am a child about 5 years old. I am at the edge or entrance of a country-style children's playground. It is filled with devotee children running, playing tag, jumping rope, leap frog, sliding on slides, climbing on monkey bars. I enter, desiring to enjoy with the other devotees in their childhood pastimes.

I feel something warm and liquidy on my tongue. My tooth is bleeding! My front bottom tooth is loose. I start crying.

As if sensing what is wrong, one of the children takes me by the hand and leads me out of the playground and into a nearby building.

We enter a large room with tall double doors. Inside I see an older more mature Krishna Kumari devi dasi seated behind a very large desk. She is sitting in front of spacious tall windows with a very green forest in the background. All around the room are more children playing in ecstasy. They all seem so radiantly happy and content as if they are especially blessed to be here. Their affection for the mataji is obvious.

My friend walks me over to where the mataji is and I walk around the desk to her. She surrounds my little body with her arms and embraces me, pulling me lovingly to the warmth of her bosom. All my fear and pain are immediately vanquished, her voice is a soothing balm as she explains that I am losing a baby tooth and it will be replaced soon enough.

The feeling of comfort is indescribable. vas.

3) I am walking. I step from the street (5th av) and onto the sidewalk. I start heading uptown. The pedestrian traffic is going in the opposite direction.

The people are all devotees. A mataji pushing a double-seat stroller with two baby vaisnavas inside, a devotee businessman in suit and tie with shaved head and sikha. Everyone I see is a vaisnava devotee of Lord Krishna.

They are all headed downtown and I am the only one going uptown. I worry. vas.

100796 nocturnal journal Bobby Sherman

Watching TV. Saw Arnold S. doing tricks with bees while he worked out. Another (Hulk Hogan) lifted a dumbbell that was on fire.

Sitting on the floor in a waiting room with other people. On TV I watched a commercial of Bobby Sherman and a nudist colony jumping into a lake. (This part of the commercial was shown twice.) The voice-over advertised Bobby Sherman as the judge for the Miss Nude Universe contest.

101696 nocturnal journal ants turkeys and broccoli

Working in an underground laboratory doing experiments on

ants and (turkeys?).

One human-sized female red ant comes into the laboratory carrying a small jar of blue ants in her claws. Although she doesn't speak human language I can understand from the sounds that she makes that she is warning us that the experiment we are performing on the blue ants could be dangerous. This bears out later when I am called to the loading dock to look at something. When I get there I see a pile of turkey feathers and I start worrying about what kind of monster we have created.

I am also menaced by giant broccoli bushes in a large refrigerated room. They move too slowly to scare me or to make me feel threatened in any way.

101896 nocturnal journal 1st lucid

I am near the entrance when I am face to face with a bearded man. He has a large black goat with him. The goat is loose. It walks up to me in a challenging way. It puts its nose on me to smell me. It keeps pushing me from my left buttock. The man says "She's not mean, don't worry she don't bite." All the while the goat is pushing and trying to nibble my butt. The goat won't let go of me. I finally get the goat away and I feel with my fingers. The goat bit through my new jeans and bit my butt.

I showed the guy. He didn't care. I told him he had to pay for a new pair of jeans. He said he wouldn't. We argued for awhile. I told him the pants cost \$25. All he had to do was give me the money and I would buy new pants and we could forget about it. He wasn't going to pay.

A bunch of people were there at a party. It was evening now. The guy was stubborn. He told everyone that was there including his wife that he wouldn't apologize and he wouldn't pay.

All the people there thought he was being foolish. I said I was lucky I just recently had a tetanus shot.

I spoke with his wife and his friends and they said he was being stupid. The wife introduced me to a black woman who was sitting at a bar next to me. She was a lawyer. The wife went into the lawyer's purse and pulled out a business card and gave it to me. "She can help you." I started to ask her if I had a case.

I looked out the front door at the street. I thought to myself I better remember the address if I was going to sue.

I am walking up the street. I am thinking that I just woke up from that dream. I check my pants and the hole is still there. "I better go back and get the address." I turn back and start walking. I come to a

corner and look ahead at the surroundings to see if I can recognize the street or building where I was.

I take a step off the curb and then look down. I am above the trees. I start falling from a great height. I start yelling. "I'm falling!"

Then the realization comes to me that I'm dreaming. I touch the trees as I fall. The leaves are soft.

I stop myself just before my feet hit the ground. "Ah" I say "I can fly." I fly straight up. It feels great. I am out of practice and have to go cautiously trying out my new power. I fly up, I fly forward, I spread my arms but I feel constricted, I can't open my arms completely. I unzip my jacket but that doesn't work. I shake my head and I wake up. I didn't want to wake up.

012297 catholic

One of these days I would like to write a great novel, but for now, this will have to do. What this is, I am sure, I don't really know yet, but it is a start, I think.

Words, descriptions, pictures, thoughts, wishes – they have no value except in relation to the Lord.

"Man proposes, God disposes."

"For one who has taken birth, death is certain; and for one who dies, birth is certain."

What do I know about God?

When I was a child in catholic school I was taught by authorities – priests, nuns, catechism – that all men were made in the image of God. They also taught that all men were born with sin – original sin – which could not be forgiven except through acceptance of the sacrament of baptism.

Jesus Christ was my first siksa guru. He was called the Son of God. He was depicted in all paintings as a fair-skinned, blue-eyed, bearded young man with a benevolent countenance and an ever-present halo around his head.

Jesus was our savior. He was our sheperd and we were his sheep. He loved us and only wanted our love in return. He was the Son of God and God was his Father as well as the Father of all mankind.

God the Father was very old, fair-skinned with profusely flowing long white hair and beard. He was always in the clouds in the sky. He was a stern and sometimes fierce-looking God of punishment and vengeance. If you

sinned you could expect swift and merciless retribution from God the Father. And if He somehow missed punishing you for your sins, Sister George Vera was there to make sure your punishment was not overlooked.

So we were taught to love the Son but to fear the Father. Behave yourself or suffer eternal damnation in hell.

021997 He woke up in a cold sweat

After concluding his husbandly “bedroom chores” he rolled over and fell unconscious. He instantly “awoke” to find himself somehow imprisoned, hanging on a wall in a basement or dungeon. Everything smelled of fresh paint. The walls were cinder block painted an off-white almost grayish color. He was immobile, shackled to the wall. He was not touching the floor and his head was close to the ceiling. He could not move his arms or legs.

He looked left and right but didn’t immediately see any one. Then, slowly, he noticed a window directly in front of him about six feet away and slightly below his line of vision. Seemingly suspended in mid-air.

It was an ordinary window with wood criss-crossed to make little squares. It was also painted off-white, including the glass, so that it was opaque – you could not see through it.

Just below and behind the opaque window was a small metal frame bed with mattress.

He looked to the left and right again and still could see no one. He tried to move but still could only move his head back and forth.

He felt as if he was not the only person there. He barely saw, in the small portion of the bottom middle frame of the window, a pair of eyes looking at him.

He felt fear! Hairs standing up on the back of his neck! He tried to shake free – but to no avail!

He screamed for his wife – “Maria! Maria!” but she was not there.

As he watched, the small, clear space those eyes were looking through gradually expanded until he could see a nose and then a mouth and then the whole face was visible.

He slowly recognized that face! It was his long lost younger brother! It was! It was Paul!

As soon as he realized this, the opaque window was suddenly pushed to the side revealing the bed to his full view.

To his indescribable shock, on the bed, dressed in a hospital gown was a live headless body! It’s arms were flailing wildly about, as were it’s legs! Those limbs were swinging this way and

that in a frantic, insane dance upon that bed!

He struggled fiercely to break his bonds and get out of there. But the more he struggled, the more he realized the helplessness of his situation – which only increased his fear.

He screamed!

PAULY! PAULY!

He woke up in a cold sweat.

040297 nocturnal journal

Breaktime again at work. Everyone was there. As I stood there everyone who passed by bumped into me. No one said excuse me. It was as if I were invisible. So I said the heck with this and I went outside. I headed west on Grand Street chanting the Maha – Mantra to myself as I passed Broadway.

A woman was walking slightly ahead of me and I walked faster than her and passed her. I looked up at the sky to see the moon, normal size, in the center of the sky. I looked at an empty parking lot on my right and then the woman I had passed bumped into me and didn't say excuse me. As I looked up at the sky again I now saw three planets on the right, the moon expanded and was to their left and to the left of the moon was the sun.

I decided to go back to work and get my sketchbook to draw this unusual celestial configuration. As I headed back I was excited and chanted all the way. I heard someone exclaim, from behind me, that the Halle-bopp comet was crossing the sun.

As I got back to the corner of Broadway a man stopped in front of me in the street and offered prostrate obeisances. And then a woman also offered obeisances. I guess it was for the unusual planetary alignment.

After I crossed the street I had the realization that I was dreaming and I could do whatever I want and was chanting out loud. Ecstatic.

When I reached the building where I worked I picked up a piece of concrete. I thought "If this is a dream I can just crush this in my hand!". At first it was hard but I did it! So I went inside of the building and there was an elevator right there. To the right was a hallway. Coming out of the hallway was Gurudeva and Tattvavit Dasa heading for the elevator.

I said "I'm going to make you disappear, Tattvavit!" After all, this was *my* dream and I thought I could do what

I wanted. But as hard as I willed him to disappear – he wouldn't. We both started laughing.

I then said “ I'm not going to try to take your servant away, Guru Maharaja!”. I offered my prostrate obeisances. When I got up they were both smiling at me.

The elevator door closed and I laughed out loud as I went through the hallway. Everyone was looking at me as I laughed and took off my jacket and threw it wherever. I decided to get my book and write.

062397 nocturnal journal-tricked

note – at Sunday feast kirtana HH Sridhara Swami gave me a slap on the back at the end of Sundara Arotika.

One evening my wife convinced me to go on Harinama. When we reached the temple the devotees were already on their way back and finished with Harinama. A black-body male devotee, the harinama leader, said it was about time I woke up.

All the devotees then boarded a bus. We went along. We drove for a little while and then we all got out to do book distribution. I thought, when I got on the bus, that we were going somewhere to do Harinama. I was apprehensive. I only wanted to go on Harinama but now I was trapped by association. Everyone was loading up their bookbags and going out. I would feel embarrassed if I didn't do the same. Everyone had their own books. I walked through from one end of the bus to the other and no one had any books to give to me. I felt more anxiety. How to distribute books without books?

I got off the bus and saw a newsstand where a devotee was giving out magazines and one-page pamphlets about Prabhupada. So I took some and followed the devotees as they walked down the street to do Sankirtana.

I reached a corner and looked to my left. There was a group of devotees preaching to the karmis that were on the sidewalk.

Then I noticed Sridhara Swami sitting in the middle of the street. He looked at me and pointed to a man standing in front of him. The man was dressed in typical business clothes and standing in front of a building. I could sense immediately that Sridhara Swami wanted me to preach to this man.

But I didn't want to preach. I was a coward and I turned to the right and started walking in the opposite direction. As soon as I turned I heard someone say "Well, look who's here!".

Right in front of me was Jada Bharata prabhu. "What are you doing out here?" he asked.

"Krsna tricked me!" I said. He knew my mind and we both smiled and laughed.

I turned to look again at Sridhara Swami but he was no longer there. But even more remarkable was the karmi man. He was still there – but now he was wearing a dhoti and tilaka.

970719 nocturnal journal-whoosh

I left work carrying a bulky oversized cardboard box. I went around the block and entered a building with my oversized cardboard box. I waited in the lobby for an elevator.

This elevator was very large and wide. It's walls were clear glass. When the elevator arrived it was full of people. I didn't think there would be room for me but as soon as that thought entered my consciousness all the passengers disappeared and only the elevator operator was in the doorway. He was an old white man with a white beard and wearing a uniform. He beckoned to me and I entered.

The floor was covered with a thick, clean, wall to wall carpet. The walls were transparent glass. The elevator was very spacious. I stepped up onto a slightly raised platform which covered part of the floor space. The room's shape was rectangularly oval. I sat down on the plush carpet of the platform and the elevator operator closed the door and whoosh – we quickly started our ascent. I was the sole passenger.

The glass elevator rose at a blurring speed. Then the bearded elevator operator said "41st floor" and just as quickly and smoothly we stopped.

I noticed the deity form of Lord Nrsimhadeva on a small altar on the other side of the glass walls. I got up right away and, carrying my box, got off the elevator. I was attracted by the deity and I just had to offer my obeisances.

I turned to the right and began walking down the hall but when I reached the end of the hallway and turned right

again, my path was blocked by a closed entrance. I turned around and walked back past the elevator doors to the opposite end of the hall. As I was about to turn left I saw a large brass bowl-shaped incense burner on the floor filled with sticks of burning incense. I could also hear a beautifully sweet bhajan being sung, but I couldn't quite understand the words. I knew it was in glorification of Krishna, of that I was certain.

I knew that I was at the entrance of some sort of temple so I put my clumsy box aside and sat down on the carpeted floor of the hallway to remove my white and green canvas sneakers. As I sat removing my shoes an Indian man and woman, coming from the elevator, walked up to me and both offered their obeisances, got up, and walked past me out of sight.

After I removed my shoes I got up to walk past the large incense burner. Before I could take a step I noticed the whole floor was covered with burning incense sticks at the corners of every square foot. I stepped back and jumped over them to a clear space on the carpeted floor.

I left my box and shoes on the other side of the burner.

I walked down this hallway to where the altar stood. I offered my full dandavats in front of the deity.

When I stood up a woman approached me. She was as tall as I with dark gray blue brown skin. She wore a sari and she said some words to me but I didn't really hear what she said. I asked her to repeat what she had just said and she repeated it. I was staring at the skin of her face as her mouth moved saying the words and again I couldn't really hear her words. Her skin was covered with sanskrit slokas.

A young man came up to her side and said something to me but again I couldn't hear. He was short with fair skin and a clean face. He was small of frame but strongly built. He had golden hair, like a mane, with thick side burns down to his chin. His hair was more like fur than human hair and his face was not really human but a mix of human and animal.

I turned my attention from them and looked at the altar. Now it contained deities of Hanuman and Varaha.

All this time the sweet bhajan kept playing in the background.

970805 nocturnal journal – flying garbage

Krishna Kumari devi dasi invited and brought me to New Vrindaban to see their zoo. When we were outside of the entrance to the zoo Krishna Kumari devi dasi wanted to wait outside. So I went in alone. As I entered I met a dark skinned woman who held my hand as we walked into the zoo. It was indoors in a small building.

Inside were golden peacocks and peahens. The tail feathers of the peacocks were transparent with fringes of gold. There were monkeys and also sheep. They were all loose, not really in cages with bars but allowed the run of the place. As we left a large black sheep tried to escape through the double doors with my companion and I. I had to wrestle with this sheep until someone came and held him inside so we could leave.

Then we were outside on a street of a city with tall skyscraper buildings. The buildings looked unfamiliar to me. It was not manhattan.

As we walked down the street the sky turned gray. I looked up when I thought I saw a flash of lightning and then I saw another. Above the tallest building on our left an ink black cloud started to form, shooting lightning in every direction. A great wind started blowing as the whole atmosphere turned dark.

Glass and plastic began raining down from the sky. I looked up again and saw a tornado hanging down from that black cloud. It was churning up everything in its way. I could see it behind and above the buildings to my left. We started running straight down the street. Glass and plastic garbage was flying everywhere.

We were running in one direction (north) and the tornado was coming in our direction (south). I watched it pass by on our left above the skyscrapers and on the other side of the buildings about a block away. I watched as it went past us a few blocks and then made a U turn behind us and started in our direction but to the right parallel to us at a distance of a block away.

I took shelter from the flying debris under a doorway but I was still being pelted left and right. My companion, on the other hand, refused to take shelter so I ran out to where she was standing on the sidewalk and tried to protect her from the raining debris by swinging my jacket above her head and swatting the flying garbage as it came down. vas

970810 I never chanted

Srila Prabhupada and Sri Sri Radha Govinda allowed me to lead the chanting for Prabhupada's Guru Puja today at the brooklyn temple. I chanted slowly and surely and didn't try anything fancy. It was a very nice feeling to lead the chanting again.

I never chanted for Sri Sri Radha Govinda before. Not even at 55th street. They were very merciful to me. Thank you Gurudeva for your mercy. Your encouragement to this poor soul has lifted me up and placed me at Krishna's lotus feet. I can never repay you. I can only do as you request: follow the 4 rules and chant 16. HARE KRISHNA

082097

Yesterday my mini-marathon continued. I went to 26 2nd after work. Maria was not feeling well so I went alone. On the way I purchased 2 – 2.5 gallon containers of water to donate to the temple.

Dayananda gave class and spoke about Balarama / Nityananda and how the spiritual master is the representative of Balarama and how the guru gives us the strength or empowers his disciples to perform devotional service. The guru does not discriminate. He gives his mercy to all but not all take it. He can empower us by the strength of Lord Balarama. But we have to accept it. The mercy is there for all but we must simply follow the instructions of the spiritual master in order to be empowered for preaching.

He used Prabhupada as an example of someone empowered to do so many wonderful things simply by following the order of the spiritual master.

He then reminisced about the early days when he was in San Francisco in 1967 and Prabhupada was visiting the storefront before leaving for India to recuperate and regain his health.

One devotee came to Prabhupada and with tears in his eyes and praises for Srila Prabhupada he offered his obeisances. Dayananda said that this person was preaching to Dayananda that you should follow the instructions of guru. So after this loving exchange between this devotee and Prabhupada, Prabhupada made a request.

Prabhupada wanted to open a temple in Toronto and so he asked this devotee "You please go to Toronto and open a temple for Krishna."

But the devotee did not even make an attempt to carry out this order. After Dayananda saw that the devotee didn't go to Toronto he began to observe more carefully in order to discern who was actually following Prabhupada's instructions and who was not.

And another senior man was similarly requested by Prabhupada – “You please go and open a temple in Los Angeles.” This man also did not follow the order or request of Prabhupada.

Prabhupada also wanted a temple opened in England.

Dayananda explained that even though the disciples of Srila Prabhupada were all young and, practically and realistically, complete neophytes in devotional service and similarly uneducated in worldly affairs such as going to a foreign country and knowing how to deal with the realities of being a stranger in a strange land, i.e. customs, foreign governments, etc..., Prabhupada had complete and unflinching faith in the fact that simply by following the order of his guru maharaja – Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Thakura – that he was empowered to spread Krishna Consciousness all over the world and he (Prabhupada) could empower his disciples by the strength or sakti of his guru maharaja – the representative of Lord Balarama.

Dayananda then spoke about the beginnings of book distribution. How the devotees did not know how to sell the big books. First the abridged Gita, then the Teachings of Lord Caitanya, then Krishna Book. All these hardcover books were printed and shipped to the temples and then just sat in storage rooms because no one knew how to distribute them.

He told how when he went to the London temple they still had boxes of BTG’s along with the big books sitting and not being distributed. At least in LA they were selling BTG’s, but in London they didn’t know how yet.

When he was president of LA temple there were 3 types of devotees – sankirtan devotees were divided into 2 categories – chanters and collectors.

Chanters would chant the holy names – HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE HARE RAMA HARE RAMA RAMA RAMA HARE HARE – on the streets and when crowds gathered the collectors would go around selling BTG’s and books.

The third category of devotees were those who didn’t do chanting or collecting. They stayed at the temple doing service – cooking, cleaning, pujaris, etc...

He also shared another nectarean reminiscence – on Janmastami the temple received their first shipment of Krishna, The Supreme Personality of Godhead – first printing. Large silver volumes with Radha and Krishna on the cover. Thick paper with different paintings of Krishna’s pastimes.

The devotees were all fasting and looking at these wonderful tomes for the first time. Everyone was in ecstasy. Dayananda said that it was one of the most relishable days in his life – reading about Krishna’s pastimes for the first time.

082197

One devotee asked if Prabhupada gave money to the devotees in order to open temples in different places.

Dayananda said no he did not. When Dayananda was told to go to Iran he did not even think to ask for money to go. He went out and

collected himself.

We don't expect to get paid to do devotional service. Devotional service is performed without expectation of remuneration. It is done out of love, out of the desire to please guru and Krishna.

He then told us a story of how in 1971 he went out to collect in NY. He went to Central Park in the evening to distribute sticks of incense and collect Laxsmi.

One very large intimidating man came up to him and asked him in a challenging way – “What are you doing?!”

Dayananda said “I'm giving these out. Here take one.” And then kept going on his way.

970823 nocturnal journal-Krishna-The Master of Mystics

I had a number of dreams. The last one was about my guru maharajah.

I knew he was staying at a particular house. It was drizzling outside. I wore a long black raincoat as I walked up to the doorway of the house in which he was staying. I stood there praying in my mind that he would come out. I was'nt going to knock on the door or ring the bell and disturb him.

Immediately the door started opening and I could see him, through the small windows on the door, behind his servants.

I stepped back to the curb and offered full, flat-out dandavats on the wet concrete sidewalk. My leg got caught for a second in my long coat but I adjusted my foot and then was fully prostrate on the floor. I uttered pranams quietly, then I got up halfway, on my knees, and touched my head to the ground. I stood up facing him.

He was surrounded by three servants – all men. Two of them were youthful and the other was around my age I guess. They were all, including gurudeva, carrying stacks of guru maharajah's books. I didn't really recognize them but they were very attractive and colorful books.

The three servants started walking away from gurudeva with their piles of books and headed to my left towards a car parked at the curb.

Guru maharajah looked at me. I hesitated. I wanted to carry the books for him but I was afraid to go directly up to him and take them. Then, as if knowing my mind, he let them drop to the ground. They just floated to the floor in slow motion into a neat pile. He walked away from them and over to his servants.

I went over and picked them up. They were oversized soft cover books with drawings of 2 visnuduttas and the title –

“KRISHNA – MASTER OF MYSTICS” in between them. I held the books in my arms while I watched his servants put their books into the trunk of a car.

Guru maharajah appeared different to me. He had light brown, very short hair with sikha. He joked with the devotees as, one by one, they filled the trunk with their stacks of transcendental literatures.

He was a little heavier or stockier in physical build than usual. I looked at his face to make sure it was really my guru. I could see from his profile that it was him. He just gained a little weight and hair.

He bumped one devotee from behind as the servant was loading the car and the devotee turned around and they both laughed. One very young fair skinned devotee was looking at guru maharajah with a mixture of love and awe. He looked as if he couldn't believe he was getting such intimate association with His Holiness Satsvarupa dasa Goswami.

When they finished loading up they turned and looked at me. I walked up to the trunk of the car and started putting my pile of books on top of the others. I was hesitant and a little clumsy as I placed the books onto the piles of other books but with assistance from one of the other devotees the books more or less stacked themselves into neat, space-saving piles.

I pulled a cloth cover over the books, which was inside the trunk, and then I stepped back away from the car and gurudeva and his servants.

One servant came up beside me. He had wire frame glasses and light brown skin. He wore an african style hat but I could see he had a shaved head. He was the oldest of the three servants.

As I started to offer my obeisances to guru maharajah, this devotee instructed me to recite the mantras out loud so everyone, especially gurudeva, could hear them. He got down on the floor and started chanting loudly “*nama om visnu padaya krishna presthaya bhutale*” and then got up.

I fully prostrated myself and chanted loudly-
“*nama om visnu padaya krishna presthaya bhutale
srimate satsvarupa dasa goswamin iti namine
satsvarupabidam vande vinitam sadhu bhusanam
bhakti granthana naipunyam bhaktivedanta siksitam*”.

I rose up to my knees and touched my head to the floor.

I stood up and looked at guru maharajah and his servants. I then buttoned up my raincoat. vas

970825 nocturnal journal-housewarming

I was at home with Maria. I was about to have lunch – 4 soft pretzels and 2 cheese sandwiches. I remembered I was supposed to go to Prema Bhakti and Rasaraja's housewarming.

I left home and was immediately at their house, outside of a skyscraper building with huge glass double doors.

I went inside and took an elevator up to their apartment. When I got off the elevator I was amazed at the first class furnishings of their domicile.

The hallways were lit by chandeliers with plush wall to wall carpeting. Their apartment occupied the entire floor. Beautiful chairs and couches, fine curtains over the windows.

I walked from room to room through hallways and more rooms. It was similar to the Trump Tower in opulence.

There were devotees all over the place engaged in Krishna katha, associating with each other. Some said "haribol and hare krishna" to me. I didn't recognize anyone.

I then thought of Maria. "I have to bring her. I shouldn't be here without her."

I started looking for the elevator, going from room to room. As I entered a hallway I saw Prema and Rasa coming my way. I didn't want to greet them without my wife so I headed in the opposite direction. I turned into another hallway, what an apartment – hallway after hallway, room after room, and never in the same room or hall.

I finally found the elevators and left.

On the street below I looked back up at their building. Wow! A skyscraper in the middle of Queens.

There was a bus terminal across the street so I crossed over to find a bus to take home to get Maria. I only hoped that the housewarming party would still be going on when I got back with Maria.

I didn't know which bus to take to get home. I spoke with a bus driver who was standing there. We looked at a bus map and tried to figure it out. The 39 bus stopped at the depot but I couldn't take it. It didn't go to my house. According to the map I had to take the 16 bus.

As I stood there waiting I noticed a subway entrance. The N, RR, E and G trains stopped there but none of them went near my house.

There were buses stopping all along the block where I stood waiting. There were crowds of people waiting for buses, going in and out of the small stores that lined the sidewalk, and coming and going from the train station.

I watched from a bird's eye view as one particular bus pulled in. It was a double decker bus with an open-air upper deck. It was

painted bright red. The top deck was criss crossed with multi-colored party streamers and the upper and lower deck was overflowing with a tumultuous children's birthday party.

Everyone was dressed in colorful costumes, blowing horns, ringing bells and singing songs. They were all little children having the party of a lifetime.

I witnessed this from high above. I was looking down from the sky at the crowds of children on the top deck as they danced, played and had the best party I ever saw. Cake, ice cream, balloons, clowns, sweet drinks and non-stop, unadulterated, innocent merriment. Confetti and streamers filled the air.

vas

970825 SP Vyasa Puja offering

Srila Prabhupada – there is no way to truly glorify your transcendental personality, your transcendental activities, your transcendental accomplishments, or your transcendental mercy upon the fallen conditioned souls.

You are the embodiment of the 26 qualities of the pure devotee. You are expert in all 9 processes of devotional service. You are the expert preacher, the expert philosopher, the expert psychologist, the expert scientist, and the expert author. You are expert in every facet of Krishna Consciousness.

You are the expert disciple. His Divine Grace Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Goswami gave you these instructions - print books and preach in the west. You took up the order from his mouth and with unflinching faith in your guru you transformed the entire world.

You are the expert guru. You planted the seed of devotion to Krishna here, at 26 Second Avenue, in the stone-like hearts of the mlechas. Through your love, patience, tender care and unlimited compassion, that seed has sprouted and grown, transforming those mlechas into saintly personalities, lovers of God.

You are the expert devotee of Krishna. You know perfectly the science of Krishna Consciousness. You are the best cook, the best pujari, the best singer, the best musician, the best logician and the best at cleaning Krishna's temple.

You are the most confidential servant of Krishna, and yet you are His most humble servant.

yasya prasada bhagavat prasado

yasya prasadan na gati kuto pi

*dyayamstuvams tasya yasyas trisandhyam
vande guroh sri caranaravindam*

By the mercy of the spiritual master one receives the mercy of Krishna.

By your Bhaktivedanta purports you have truly given us the mercy of Krishna.

Every moment of your life, every word, every action, every gesture, every look – was in the service of Krishna.

The greatest acarya of all!

Srila Prabhupada ki jaya!

970902 nocturnal journal - Prabhupada tells me

I am sitting in a temple room behind and to the right of Srila Prabhupada. A large group of devotees is watching a video about Krishna. The television is closest to Srila Prabhupada.

While everyone is focused on the video a sannyasi disciple of Srila Prabhupada starts throwing small pebbles from across the room. I am hit with a few. I look and see who the culprit is. He doesn't stop.

I lean forward and tell Srila Prabhupada that his sannyasi is tossing pebbles. Prabhupada tells me that it's not important and he will deal with it after the video. Then he asks me to please turn up the volume on the tv. I move forward in front of the tv and try to adjust the volume. It takes a few seconds before I figure out the controls and finally increase the volume. I then sit back next to Prabhupada's small vyasasana and slightly behind him. He has a little bit of hair growth but not much.

He then leaves the room to oversee the preparation of the feast because some devotees have come from the kitchen and need his guidance. vas

970902 nocturnal journal part 2 – asiatic features

I am standing outside of a temple in the evening. It is dark outside but the area is well lit. The temple is a large building with iron wrought bars all around the perimeter. There are a number of devotees milling about outside the fence. Some are conversing with each other and some are chanting japa. People are going in and out of the temple by ascending and descending

the long staircase at the entrance.

I am at the corner to the left, facing the temple. I am chanting japa and watching the vaisnavas and other different people going to and fro – I notice bhakta Gus Pena on my right talking with some devotees in front of a van that's parked at the curb. After the other devotees leave I walk over to him to say haribol.

We see a danda going by in a crowd and offer our obeisances. We stand up and are chanting japa again when a large group of people start coming out of the temple and down the stairs. They are dressed in a sort of ancient military style with silver mesh clothes covered with a broad red cape and silver helmet.

I think they are from Manipura. As some get closer to where we are I can see more clearly the asiatic features of their faces. I look past them to the stairs of the temple when I hear the sounds of a commotion.

A very large, beautiful diety form of Lady Subhadra is being carried down the stairs. She must be at least 8 feet tall as She easily dwarfs the dozen or so red-caped servants who are straining to hold her.

I immediately fall to the ground to offer obeisances. vas

970908 my basic problem

Vrindaban is here, so chant Hare Krishna. Don't chant and continue to break the regulative principles. That is not sadhana. Sadhana has to be wholehearted to purify us if it is to be effective. HHSDG

This is my basic problem. Purity is the force behind being Krishna conscious in all circumstances. If I break the regulative principles how can I expect to be an effective preacher? How can I expect to be a bonafide devotee of Krishna or a bonafide disciple of my guru if I do not follow the regulative principles? It is not possible. I don't want to be a hypocrite. I don't want to lie to my guru. I won't.

091097 scratch a scratch

Krsna is the source of everything. He gives us the intelligence to learn about Him and surrender to Him.

Krsna is unlimited. He possesses unlimited wealth,

unlimited knowledge, unlimited power or strength (bala), unlimited beauty, unlimited fame, and unlimited renunciation. Krsna, and Krsna alone, possesses these six opulences in full. No one else can make this claim.

I, on the other hand, am limited. I am poor, I am stupid, I am weak, I am ugly, I am unknown and I am greedy and lusty. I have only one redeeming quality – I am Krsna's property. He loves me even though I reject him. I will do anything to gratify my mind and senses but I will do nothing to please Krsna.

Krsna is unlimited. I can spend every minute of every hour that I have left in this temporary world hearing about Krsna and I wouldn't even scratch a scratch on a scratch of the surface of His unending glories.

I must stop wasting the time I have left in this human form. I may have only one minute left. If I waste that precious minute in mundane thoughts and activities I waste the chance to return to the spiritual abode of Krsna. I will lose the opportunity to regain my eternal spiritual existence far beyond this world of darkness and ignorance.

Why don't I feel, really feel, the urgency? Why do I procrastinate? Why do I degrade myself? I must fervently pray to my Guru for the strength to be unflinching in my faith in Krsna. I must beg and plead Guru Maharaja to take me by the sikha and throw me into the fire of Lord Caitanya's Sankirtana Movement. I must pray for the desire to pray for the desire to be His humble, honest and trustworthy disciple.

Because of my dirty desires I am in a situation of complete helplessness. I am isolated from Sadhu-sanga because of my own disgusting pride. My unbridled lust for sensual pleasure has ruined my life.

Only the compassion and mercy of my Guru Maharaja, His Holiness Satsvarupa Dasa Goswami, one of the favored sons of Srila Prabhupada, can save me.

Where else can I go?

You are my only shelter, my Guru, please take me by force!

102697

Went on harinama yesterday. I arrived at the corner of West 4th street and 6th avenue at 2:31 in the afternoon. The sky was overcast with a persistent drizzling mist.

First one devotee appeared and then another. They walked from the train station at West 3rd to where I was standing and chanting japa quietly. One recognized me personally and the other vaisnava recognized Lord Jagannatha's blissful smiling face on my t-shirt.

After a minute or two another devotee joined us on the corner.

At precisely 2:48 the main party of harinama sankirtana devotees made their entrance onto the streets of Manhattan from the stairs of the subway station and began chanting the holy names.

*HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE
HARE RAMA HARE RAMA RAMA RAMA HARE HARE*

Led by his grace Locanananda dasa they headed uptown along 6th avenue and we fell in line behind them.

We were one dozen strong when we stopped in front of the 8th street subway station and chanted the maha-mantra. 2 or 3 devotees distributed Sunday feast invitation cards and small books to the crowd of onlookers that were sent by Lord Krishna and were attracted enough to stop and be purified by the transcendental sound vibrations.

"Isvarah parama krsna" Krishna is the supreme controller, not a blade of grass moves without the sanction of the Supreme Lord.

We stopped chanting for a moment and Locanananda Prabhu spoke a little about the first verse of Sri Siksastaka:

*ceto darpana marjanam bhava maha davagni nirvapanam
sreya kairava candrika vitaranam vidya vadhu jivanam
anandam buddhi vardanam prati padam purnamrtasvadanam
sarvatma snapanam param vijayate sri-krsna-sankirtanam*

"Glory to the Sri Krishna sankirtana, which cleanses the heart of all the dust accumulated for years and extinguishes the fire of conditional life, of repeated birth and death. This sankirtana movement is the prime benediction for humanity at large because it spreads the rays of the benediction moon. It is the life of all transcendental knowledge. It increases the ocean of transcendental bliss, and it enables us to fully taste the nectar for which we are always anxious."

Another devotee joined the chanting party and we continued uptown to 8th street. We turned right at 8th street and headed east, in two lines, passing through the crowds of Saturday shoppers, small waves of so-called humanity who were looking for sense gratification, trying to attain happiness by absorbing their senses in the myriad sense objects on display behind glass windows.

102805

Krishna and His devotees had a different plan for their senses: purification through transcendental sound vibration.

Jiva jago jiva jago gauracandra bole

Wake up sleeping souls. The chanting party of Lord Caitanya is calling you. Wake up to your real life of eternal bliss and knowledge. You can only achieve lasting happiness by serving the Supreme Personality of Godhead, Sri Krishna.

Some laughed, some danced, some took pictures, some came out of the different stores along the sidewalks to see what all the commotion was; but everyone, at least for a few seconds, received the mercy of the Lord through His holy names. Lord Krishna and His name are the same. There is no difference.

Only a small minority of the population of New York City go to the Vaisnava temples and preaching centers to chant the Lord's name. Very few go to hear devotees of Krishna speak about the Absolute Truth or to worship the deities of Radha and Krishna. It is actually less than a fraction of a per cent. So how will they receive the Lord's mercy?

yasya prasada bhagavat prasado

yasya prasadan na gati kuto pi

By the mercy of the spiritual master one receives the mercy of Krishna.

102997

His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Srila Prabhupada came to New York City to inaugurate Lord Caitanya's sankirtana movement in the west. At an advanced age he boarded a ship and left India for the United States. First he planted the seed of devotion to Krishna right here in New York City. Then he traveled all over the world for eleven years chanting the holy names of Krishna wherever he went; sowing the seeds of bhakti-rasa – Krishna consciousness – until he left this world.

He did this without any expectation of personal gain or comfort. He could have stayed at Radha Damodar and lived his last years as a respected sadhu of Vrindavana. But he was compelled by the prophecy of Lord Caitanya that the maha-mantra – the great chant for deliverance – would be sung in every town and village. He was compelled by the order of his spiritual master, His Divine Grace Bhaktisiddhanta Sarasvati Goswami, who told him to preach in the west. And, he was compelled by his compassion and mercy for all of us – the fallen conditioned souls, sleeping in the lap of maya, or illusion.

103097

Prabhupada gave us this incredible gift free of charge. Those of us who want to reciprocate with Srila Prabhupada can do so simply by following in his footsteps. Chant the holy names in every town and village.

harer nama harer nama harer nama aivakevala

kalau nasyeva nasyeva nasyeva gati anyata

“There is no alternative, no alternative, no alternative in this age

than to chant the holy names, chant the holy names, chant the holy names.”

103197

The chanting party continued across town to 5th avenue, stopped underneath a building construction shelter and chanted and danced for a few minutes. Another 2 vaisnavas arrived and the procession turned right and headed for Washington Square Park. Across the street from the park, the group of chanters proceeded east to Broadway and then turned downtown.

Broadway was crowded. The inclement weather did not hinder the people from shopping and it was no hindrance to the devotees chanting.

Two lines of singing servants of Sri Krishna hopped, skipped and jumped their way along the sidewalk. They raised their arms and voices in praise of the Supreme Personality of Godhead. All heads turned their way. All eyes couldn't help but look at them as they danced and swayed to and fro. All ears perked up as the other-worldly chant permeated their mundane consciousness and transformed material into spiritual.

His grace Jagna Purusa prabhu led the chanting as, on almost every corner where the sankirtaneros paused, cameras flashed and car horns honked.

The devotees stopped at Houston street to rest and to speak about Lord Caitanya. Someone yelled from the other side of Broadway. “Chant Jaya Radha Madhava!”

The devotees didn't hear it. The noise of the traffic and the pedestrians surrounding the devotees was drowning out the voice of the person across the street.

“Chant Jaya Radha Madhava!”

“Chant Jaya Radha Madhava!”

This time Jagna Purusa dasa and the other devotees heard it. They looked across Broadway and saw a young lady standing with a friend.

“Chant Jaya Radha Madhava!” she pleaded.

Jagna Purusa answered “Come to the Sunday feast tomorrow and you will hear Jaya Radha Madhava.”

She responded “I am busy tomorrow and I can't go to the temple.”

“All right. Then come across the street and chant with us and we will sing Jaya Radha Madhava,” was Jagna Purusa's quick reply.

Without hesitation she left her companion and crossed over to the devotees.

She began singing “Jaya radha madhava kunja bihari” and the devotees responded “Jaya radha madhava kunja bihari.”

“Gopi jana vallabha giri vara dhari

Yasoda nandana braja jana ranjana

Jamuna tira vana cari”

When she stopped all the devotees shouted “Hari bol! Hari bol!”
110397

The young woman explained that she was a former Iskcon gurukula student and that “Jaya radha madhava” was her favorite song.

After speaking with the devotees for a few minutes she crossed Broadway to rejoin her companion and disappeared into the crowd.

All of the devotees, including the young woman, were enlivened by this sweet exchange. Krishna sent her and us to this particular place at this particular time to enliven each other. She was enlivened by seeing and hearing devotees chanting the holy names and the devotees were enlivened by a stranger coming out of the crowd and asking them to chant the holy names.

The chanting party continued downtown to Canal street and then came back up Broadway to 4th street , chanting all the way.

Different devotees took turns leading the chanting and after about two and a half hours of spreading the glories of chanting HARE KRISHNA amid the gloomy and inclement weather of Manhattan, the Vaisnavas each went their separate ways, feeling transcendental bliss.

Hari nama sankirtana jagna ki jaya!

Srila Prabhupada ki jaya!

Gaura prema nandi.

11-10-97 a small part

This story has no beginning and no ending. There is only a small part of the in-between.

Now, you might say to yourself, that is a beginning. And you have every right. Except you are wrong. I should know. I’m writing this story, aren’t I? I make the rules. I set the standards. I! I! I! I hope that is clear. Please don’t interrupt me again. You are the observer, the listener, the reader. If you wish to derive the full benefit of this story, if you want to hear and understand the message I am broadcasting then do not try to derail my train of thought. Thank you.

You are eternal. I am eternal. I’m not talking about our bodies. They are temporary. The soul is what I am talking about.

Have you ever read the Bhagavad-Gita (as it is) by His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami? If you have not, you must get a copy. Don’t waste time. Your life is

at stake. I'm serious.

In the second chapter you will find this verse –

text 20

na jayate mryate va kadacin

nayam bhutva bhavita va na bhuyah

aja nityah sasvato yam parano

na hanyate hanyamane sarire

comb. translation -

For the soul there is neither birth nor death at any time. He has not come into being, does not come into being, and will not come into being. He is unborn, eternal, ever-existing, undying and primeval. He is not slain when the body is slain.

purport –

...the soul is not born, but, because he takes on a material body, the body takes its birth. The soul does not take birth there, and the soul does not die...and because the soul has no birth, he therefore has no past, present or future. He is eternal, ever-existing and primeval – that is, there is no trace in history of his coming into being...

There is no beginning. There is no ending. There is only the telling of what happened during a small part of the in-between.

His body took birth in a hospital. Greenpoint Hospital if you must know. That's in Brooklyn. That's in New York City. That's in New York State. That's in the United States of America. That's on the surface of the planet Earth. You've heard of those places haven't you?

010698 don't make plans

Don't make plans to avoid death. It is inevitable.

Whether by earthquake, nuclear weapon, disease, being shot in the head, run over by a bus, falling off a cliff, pushed under a train, a crashing plane, acid rain or old age, you can not escape your karma. But, you can prepare for death. You know you are going to die. It could happen twenty years from now or thirty minutes from now when you are walking home. Rest assured that it is only a matter of time or a number of breaths.

Follow Lord Caitanya's and Srila Prabhupada's instruction: just chant the holy names of Krsna!

HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA
KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE
HARE RAMA HARE RAMA
RAMA RAMA HARE HARE

010998 I miss kirtana

I miss kirtana. I miss Radha Govinda.

When my body dies, please cremate it. Don't put it in a box for display. Don't cry. Chant the holy names and do what I couldn't do. Become a real devotee of Krsna.

Chant and dance in ecstasy. I ruined my chance. Don't be like me. Serve Krsna under the guidance of His pure devotees. My Dear Lord Jagannatha, I am sorry I didn't serve you. Please have mercy on this wretched worm.

I have no words to say to please You.

980112 clowns are role models

Ice in the north, warm here. The heat wave is over and it should be nothing but brutally cold days for the rest of the winter.

Global warming from greenhouse gases. Industrial / automotive pollution. Crime statistics say crime is down. Politicians and economists and wall-streeters say the economy is up and strong. Billionaires are made everyday. Everyone listens when millionaire movie and television "stars" speak about their triumphs over their personal demons or personal tragedies. The biggest cheaters and the most popular clowns are role models. Sex is religion. Money is god.

KALI YUGA – and the beat goes on.

Child pornography is rampant. Child molestation, rape, abuse and neglect are the norm. Homosexual union is popular, even advantageous. It is "politically correct". Heterosexual is a dirty word. So is monogamy. Who reads books? Now it is videos and personal computers. Turn on the electricity. You can learn about anything on the internet.

Vice is nice. It is the spice. So roll the dice. But only the house wins. You can't escape death. It will come when you least expect it. The only chance is surrender to Krishna's Lotus Feet.

011398 am i prepared?

Outside is rain. Cold and gray. Inside is ink air. Cold and noxious. There is no time to read. No time to think. No time to breathe. Only death. It rushes at me. I try to delay, to deny, to avoid, but it keeps coming. At full speed. Right at me.

Am I prepared? Hardly.

I am afraid to walk the streets at night, what to speak of coming face to face with the end of this life.

I am being chased through a mountain path by a ferocious black bear. I reach the precipice, the cliff's edge, the end of the trail.

I look down at the yawning expanse of the valley miles below. I look back at the rapidly approaching behemoth of the forest. Jaws salivating, the ground vibrating beneath its powerful body as it races towards me.

Am I prepared? Hardly.

I am totally dependent on the mercy of Guru and Krsna. I can only pray to my Lord – please save me. Please pick me up and place me as one of the atoms at Your Lotus Feet. I am created by You. I am maintained by You. I am part and parcel of You. I have nothing without You. I am nothing without You. When will I learn?

980114 ad infinitum

Cold today. The winter of Kali Yuga. On the news last night they showed the volcanic eruptions of Mount Etna in Italy. The Moon planet was a silent witness, perched on the black limbs of the night sky, observing the bright orange lava spitting out of the ancient crater, untouched and unaffected by the burning spectacle below.

What is the significance of this show of material nature? Why is this happening now? Nothing happens by chance. Every action is a reaction of a previous action, on and on, ad infinitum. The beginning can not be reached by mundane senses. Get ready to surrender to the Supreme Cause of all causes – Sri Krishna!

980119 stop dreaming

MLKjr holiday for karmis today. He is a hero for some, just a holiday for others.

I fell yesterday. I neglected my japa. I am slacking off. I am losing my miniscule determination. No sadhu sanga. No life. No taste.

I haven't received "Among Friends" since november.

Once again I am in a quagmire, a swamp, quicksand. Up and down I go – round and round I know. I've lost it, for now. How do I get it back?

Stop dreaming and wake up to your dreams.

Stop your stalling and falling.

Srila Prabhupada is calling!

980121 an offender

I want to go to the temple today, but I know I won't. I am truly a divided person. Demon and devotee. Marginal energy under the sway of material desires.

Krishna is good. Guru is good. This disciple, Jagannatha dasa, is no good. I am insincere, an offender to the lotus feet of my guru and an offender against the holy names. I

am certainly not a gentleman. I made a promise in front of my guru, in front of Radha Govinda, Gaura Nitai, and Jagannatha, Baladeva and Subhadra, in front of the sacrificial fire, and in front of the vaisnavas.

Guru aparadha! Vaisnava aparadha! Nama aparadha!

Go-dasa!

980122 demon-crazy

Signs from yesterday – everywhere I looked I saw green. I also saw a shovel standing against a tree.

The U.S. president is the talk of the media today because of a new sex scandal. It overshadows the pope's visit to Cuba. Events taking place on the material, transient, temporary plane of existence. Important today, unimportant tomorrow – therefore not important at all.

You can not play "follow the leader" anymore. But, in a democracy, the leader's morals and agendas reflect those of the society that elected him or her.

Srila Prabhupada called it "demon-crazy".

You get what you pay for.

980126 Krishna is testing me

It is not yet February but the color purple surfaces. Superbowl upset on the sports scene. Boys are off this week and I am still losing it. I can't get focused. I must force myself to be austere in body, mind and words. Tax returns are coming up soon and I can't afford to lose my grip now.

Krishna is testing me and as usual I am failing miserably. Like a chicken with his head cut off, I am running here and there in blind pursuit of material sense gratification.

I must make proper use of Krishna's gifts. Soon I will see Sri Sri Radha Govinda again and chant and jump up and down for them. I have to make my desire the same as Krishna's desire.

980127 write of heroes

Realms. The yellow light was on all day. Cadaver – skeleton.

I want to write something entertaining, witty, biting and truthful, but all that comes out is stool and urine, bile and mucus, sweat and blood. There is nothing attractive in that. I can't hold anyone's attention with my self-pity and pleas for mercy.

I want to write of heroes vanquishing demons, going on noble quests for the eternal benefit of all living entities, saving those in need of saving, righting wrongs – not for the sake of self-aggrandizement – but for the greater need of all.

Good luck – there is no such thing.

980128 i still think i can

Brooms. Bananas. A white car. What is the common thread? When it comes to sewing I do fine. My only difficulty is tying the knot when I'm done.

Krishna is the thread on which the planets are strung. "...like pearls strung on a thread." He is the basis of all that exists. Without Him everything falls or fails.

That is why I am a failure. I try to do things without Krishna.

The moon sees everything I do. Paramatma is with me at every second, waiting for me to give up my useless

material endeavors and go back to home, back to Godhead.

But I still think I can get some taste from an old piece of chewing gum. “cavinas cavinanam”

980129 clutter of false desires

New moon and sun rising this morning, a little after 7am.
New shoes, new bag, new notebook, old attitude.

Time is wasting. Put it off and put it off. I’ll do it later.
I’ll do it tonight. I’ll do it on the weekend. I’ll never do it. It will do me.

Hold on to garbage. Let it pile up. Fill up the corners.
Surround yourself with the clutter of false desires.
Pack rat.

Throw it away already! Why are you holding on to boxes of things you have never and will never use? What is the reason for your attachment to so much junk? Throw it out! Clean up! Wake up! Jiv jago go-dasa.

020298 planetary alignment

Groundhog day. Don P. day. Sunny day. 05-05-2000.
A special alignment of planets occurs on that day. I think it is 7 planets all in a row, including the Earth planet and the Moon planet. Cataclysmic events of global proportions are predicted. Will I be here to see and hear, to witness what will happen? Or will I be in another body in another universe?

My Lord Jagannatha punished me for not going to His Queens parade last year by knocking me into a garbage dumpster on the day after the parade. I deserved worse but received only a pinprick. The Lord is always merciful to all living entities. Black Oak Arkansas sang:
“Lord have mercy on my soul!”

020398 follow your dreams

2nd day filling in for the porter (Paul). Dirty work but easy. Undercompensated as usual.

I am blanking out on my dreams. Everyone watches TV while I sleep. The TV is next to me and the alpha waves are interfering with my dream consciousness. I can't remember them.

Gurudeva says to follow your dreams.

I dream of being a full-time writer / preacher. I also dream of travelling around the world following and filming Lord Jagannatha's Ratha Yatra. What divine austerity that would be! For now I will have to be content with my daily scribbles and filming the New York Ratha Yatra every year.

I read Bhagavad-Gita and Nectar of Devotion at least 5 times a week. Back to Godhead and Among Friends. I must get into the Srimad Bhagavatam again.

Gurudeva says that the Srimad Bhagavatam is alive and should be prayed to. "...pray to the mind and the guru and to sastra (sastra is wish-fulfilling), pray to BHAGAVAN HIMSELF, to please allow the words of the Bhagavatam to enter our hearts..."

It is not a mundane literature. The Bhagavatam is not ordinary. You can attain great benefit from a single word of the Bhagavatam. And what if that word is KRISHNA?

980204 lines of rhythm

Advaita Acarya's appearance day was ayer. February has a lot of appearances and disappearances and special days for the vaisnava devotees, the bhaktas. Everyday is special when you are serving the Lord through His pure devotees.

I never tell the Lord how much I love Him. Is it because I have no love for Him? My only service is chanting and I am unable to do that in a satisfactory way. Loving means wanting and willing to serve Him. I am keeping Him waiting.

Can I write poetry again? It has been a long time since I've been inspired to write poems. "Sometimes I feel so uninspired" (Traffic). Don't force it. Let it flow.

Like water down hill rolls toward the sea
Let the lines of rhythm flow from me.

020698 try writing

Try writing. Interdimensional portals unfold revealing twisted alternate realities in the space-time continuum. Journey across vast expanses of unknown lands experiencing an endless variety of sensations, emotions, inspirations, perspirations, precipitations, indignations, infatuations, celebrations, miscalculations, transformations, emasculations, designations, trepidations, palpitations, visitations, degradations and realizations.

It's not very hard to remember Krsna. He is everywhere at every second. He is behind everything. He is in front and He is within. He is far away but He is very near as well. He walks and does not walk. He is without veins. Pure and uncontaminated. The Self Sufficient Philosopher who has been fulfilling everyone's desires since time immemorial.

That is how long I have been on this journey – since time immemorial. Going from this planet to that, from this universe to that, from this body to that, from a microbial germ's body up to a demigod's body. All those different bodies and worlds and times leading up to now.

This moment could be my last in this body. And what have I to show for it?

A free transfer into the material body recycling program.

980210 trifles

No time to write yesterday. No time to read today. No time to waste, just my brains. Look up. Look it up. Look. Be aware. Get some new ideas. Change your old ones. Re-create yourself. Abandon hope, all who enter here! It is always darkest before the dawn. Every cloud has a silver lining. A person of many words and few deeds is like a garden full of weeds. Trust no one. In God we trust. Trust fund. All trussed up. Trifles. Details are trifles, but trifles are necessary for perfection, and perfection is no trifle. Speak your mind. Mind your own business. Never mind. Never on Sunday. Sunday-Sun, Monday-Moon, Tuesday-Mars, Wednesday-Mercury, Thursday-Jupiter, Friday-Venus, Saturday-Saturn.

021198 why am i writing

Why am I writing? To please me. I hope it will be pleasing to others also but I don't think it will. My vocabulary is limited. My style is primitive. I just want to express what is happening inside and outside of what I call "me". Me – the dysfunctional center of my fragmented universe.

Am I dreaming or am I awake? Or am I inside someone else's dream? Is the day just a long dream and the night, during sleep, just a short one? My night life is usually more adventurous than my day life. Why? Because I am emotionally stunted from childhood's mal-experiences?

This morning I pummeled my better half until I was spent. On the way to work two sparrows were trying to enjoy sex. They flew together and landed in the middle of the street. Cars raced by them but they were oblivious to their surroundings. They callously risked death, squashed like pancakes under car wheels, for a few seconds of flickering pleasure. How am I any different?

There are no guarantees. Death gives no notice and yet I also callously risk death for those genital sneezes of blood pleasure.

980213 sitting and waiting and wasting

Change. Change. Change. When will you change? Why are you studying your nocturnal visions and waking signs? Don't just analyze – act. Act now! What are you waiting for? Another crisis?

Don't you remember how it felt? Going to court every week, going to welfare, sitting and waiting and wasting time begging the government to help and then being told to wait some more and going back to court again and going back to welfare again and again and again.

You don't need it. Take what the Lord is giving you and utilize it in His service and you will not lose.

Clean house. Literally and figuratively. Make space to breathe and function on the spiritual plane.

GET RID OF ALL THAT DAMN CLUTTER!

Your surroundings reflect your inner world of consciousness. Just take a look at your apartment and you will see what you have let yourself become.

PACK RAT! CLEAN IT UP!

980224 total washout

Under a cavern of clouds. More rain. February has been very wet. Roof leaks. Got state tax refund yesterday.

Waiting for federal refund. The big boy.

My material life has been a total washout. So, also, has been my spiritual life.

A failure all around

A many-sided failure

A jack-of-all-failures

A man for all failures

A failure to communicate

A real failure story

022698 nocturnal journal ME E ST

I am walking down a city street and I decide to write down the names of the streets and draw what I see so I can look at it after I wake up. I pass a street sign and then walk back to write down the name in my pad. It's ME E street. I don't remember the cross street. I keep walking and there is a large black silhouette profile of a man's face on the left hanging from a pole and something large and gold and bell-shaped on the right. They are almost touching each other. In this dream I think I am awake but I don't realize it's a dream till I wake up and see I didn't actually write anything down.

980312 Gaura Purnima

Today is Lord Caitanya's Appearance Day.

The Golden Avatar.

He is Radha and Krishna combined. He appeared 511 years ago in India on the night of a lunar eclipse. At the time of His appearance the entire population was chanting the holy names – HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA

KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE

HARE RAMA HARE RAMA

RAMA RAMA HARE HARE

He was the perfect example of devotion to Lord Krishna. He worshipped Lord Jagannatha. He recovered part of the Brahma Samhita. He sent His disciples to uncover the

places of Krishna's pastimes in Vrindavana. He inaugurated the Sankirtana movement. He chanted and danced in Lord Jagannatha's Ratha Yatra. He performed many "miracles" and often exhibited symptoms of transcendental ecstasy. He converted thousands to Vaisnavism. He wrote SRI SRI SIKSASTAKA – 8 verses explaining the significance, benefits, techniques and proper mood for chanting the holy names.

SRI CAITANYA MAHAPRABHU – KI JAYA!

980406 wasted

i am wasted. Wasting my precious moments of so-called human existence. i have no taste. i've lost it again. Why can't i sustain Krsna conscious sadhana? That's easy – lust.

i sit alone near my window during the day and watch the clouds as they slowly, barely perceptibly, pass through the sky above Grover Cleveland High School. Although on some days, when the wind is moving briskly, the clouds appear to be in a rush, at least for them.

At night, when the sky is clear, i like to look up at the moon and planets and stars. Sometimes i go to the train tracks on Otto Road and i look up at the moon because it is quiet and there are less street lights. i also see the freight trains, once in a while, as they roll by and i think of distant places and travels and adventures and things that have nothing to do with my real life. i escape for a moment, in my mind, but my body, like an albatross around my neck, is always anchored to the asphalt and concrete city street.

i like the white and blue-gray clouds in the blue-blue sky. i like the pale white moon and the bright yellow sun opposing each other sometimes in the afternoon sky. i like the moon as it shines in the dark evening sky.

The clouds, the moon, the sun, the planets and stars are my silent friends and witnesses. They see me in all my nefarious glory. And yet they don't judge me.

The clouds roll by my quiet window. The sun

and moon rise and fall outside my quiet window.
They seem to be ageless. Always changing
and yet always the same. i try but i can't reach
them. Not from my window at least. Actually,
i do reach them in a small, limited way, with
my eyes. But i never physically touch them.
But they always touch me. Every time i look
at them i can not help but sigh in resignation.

980414 cremated

Today is my sixth day running the silk-screen machine.
It's not easy but it is not difficult if you pay attention to
details. No lunch today and yesterday. Instead – japa walks while the weather is spring
fresh.

I pass by the crematorium during japa but I don't go in. You can go inside if you like.
They have visiting hours –
believe it or not. When I do leave my body I hope it is
cremated. Ashes – not stool.

If I left my body and went to the Moon planet I would
have a life expectancy of 10,000 years. Then I would have
to return here after the Golden Age (10,000 years within
the 432,000 years of Kali yuga) was over and the horrors
of the age of quarrel and hypocrisy run rampant over the
Earth planet until Lork Kalki appears and destroys the
demons, rescues the devotees, and begins the next Satya
yuga.

I don't expect to be elevated to the Moon or any other
heavenly planet. My elevator has only one button – down.

9906122 ny ratha yatra

Hare Krishna! Today was New York Ratha Yatra parade and
festival. I went to Washington Square Park first. I arrived at about
1215. Only HHSDG'S books were set up. No one else's booth
was ready to sell. I sat near the stage and chanted japa on my beads
while a tape of Srila Prabhupada chanting played over the
loudspeakers.

As I sat, wave after wave of people strolled by making different
comments about the transcendental surroundings, especially the
changing bodies / reincarnation diorama exhibit.

Everyone who passed had to stop and look. Some took pictures. One lady said it was scary. One lady laid down on the empty table in front of it and had her picture taken by a friend. I just chanted and observed the multitude of different reactions.

I spoke with Krishna Kumari devi dasi and Janardhana dasa. They were setting things up. I gave them my post office box number and telephone number again. They said they mailed something to me and it was returned.

After the books by Srila Prabhupada arrived I purchased 3 – The Quest for Enlightenment, Light of the Bhagavata, and Dharma: The Way of Transcendence. I spoke briefly with Kharaja prabhu. I told him it was my birthday and he said that that was very auspicious for me. I also spoke for a while with another devotee who lived at 340W55 around the time I lived there. He listened to me and encouraged me in my quest for spiritual advancement. I also met Surotama prabhu. Then I walked up Fifth avenue to meet the Lord's chariots and devotees.

Earlier an Indian man and his family were at the park while I waited and chanted. He asked me if I knew how to get to the parade by train. I tried to explain to him what the easiest way would be and after a few minutes of discussion he went on his way with some of his family in the direction of the West 4th St. station. I wished him well and he thanked me.

I met the Lord's parade at 23rd street. I took some photos and then went from chariot to chariot chanting and dancing with the devotees while I carried a small audio cassette recorder and taped the transcendental sound vibrations.

While in the midst of a crowd of chanters in front of Lord Jagannatha's chariot someone tapped my arm from behind me. I turned around to see who it was. It was the Indian gentleman from the park. "I made it!" He shouted with a smile and a quick hands together nod with his head. His hands then went back to holding onto the rope pulling the Lord's chariot.

As the parade got closer to Washington Square Park, the chanting and dancing of the vaisnavas became more and more ecstatic and bouncy. A very powerful wave of surcharged transcendental sound was rolling down Fifth avenue and everyone was caught up in this wonderful, tumultuous tide of love of God, KRISHNA. It is so enlivening to the soul to be in the midst of KRISHNA KIRTANA. This mundane writer's words fail miserably to make a proper description of these events.

I could not help myself even if I did not want to chant and dance. The chanting of the holy names : HARE KRISHNA HARE KRISHNA KRISHNA KRISHNA HARE HARE HARE RAMA HARE RAMA RAMA RAMA HARE HARE is just like a wave. A warm, loving, embracing tidal wave that pulls the transcendental sound

from your belly and through your vocal cords and lifts your feet from the ground and carries you to the ecstasy only found in the personal association of the ORIGINAL SUPREME PERSONALITY OF GODHEAD, SRI KRISHNA.

The chanting and dancing continued right to the park where THEIR LORDSHIPS – JAGANNATHA, BALADEVA AND SUBHADRA were escorted to the altar built for THEM next to the sound stage where His Divine Grace Srila Prabhupada sat and oversaw the festivities. By now the devotees were dancing like madmen in front of the stage. This madness only increased as the chanting reverberated and broke through the four walls of space and time. I was a part of this madness, and, if this is insanity, please label me as crazy. I accept this label as an honor. I wish I were mad for KRISHNA at all times. Then there would be no fearing propensity in me and I would take up the sankirtan yajna full force.

When I returned to ridgewood everything felt cushioned. The sidewalk was soft, the street noise was dull, the air was unfelt.

990630 excerpt the magic in your mind

“No discipline can be without pain,” wrote Havelock Ellis, and when the ego seeks beyond itself for a method of discipline and growth, there must be a breaking of bounds, a throwing off of chains, an expansion into new territories of aspiration, and all that is old and restricting must be left behind, and all that was routine and secure must be left there too, and the soul must take flight to a new and higher area of consciousness, on brave wings, daring and aspiring, and just as ecstasy is close to pain, so pain will come, then ecstasy, then pain again, and the encysting shell will be broken, and understanding will come.

Excerpt from “The Magic In Your Mind” pg.88
by U.S. Andersen

060600 lust's lackey

This coming Saturday, June 10, is the day of the annual New York City Ratha Yatra. Lord Jagannatha, Lord Balarama and Lady Subhadra will ride their chariots down 5th Avenue from 59th Street to Washington Square Park.

Dancing, chanting, feasting, philosophy, seeing old friends, making new friends, the crowds, the kirtanas, the transcendental literature, the looks of bewilderment on the faces of the people seeing Ratha Yatra for the first time, the wonderful smells of incense and prasadam, the effulgence of the shaved heads with sikha and tilaka, the brilliant array of vibrant colors of the ladies' saris, the shiny innocent faces of the children chanting the holy names, the pushing, pulling, swirling, pulsing energy at the center of the chanting parties as they dance, skip, hop, spin, embrace and raise voices in honor of the Lord. The spine tingles, sensations rushing from head to toe, from the recollection of previous festivals and in anticipation of the ecstatic kirtanas to come.

There is little enjoyment for me. i do not follow, i do not chant, i do not offer, i do nothing.

i am full of vices, too many to categorize, too many to control without sadhu-sanga. i do not read, i do not write, i do not care.

i am ashamed to visit the temple because Krsna knows what i am and He knows what desires i have. i am envious of everyone and everything. i am hypocrisy's hound, duplicity's dog, lust's lackey and insanity's idiot. i am go-dasa, covered by the suffocating crust formed by the decrepit desires of an incalculable number of lifetimes in the material world.

000819 nocturnal journal-precursor to 911

Last night I dreamt of a viewing of a multiple nuclear bomb attack. Four bombs dropped across my field of vision.

I was looking at manhattan from the vicinity of where I currently reside. I was speaking with someone during daylight hours. I was facing manhattan as the person spoke to me. I saw one bomb hit ground on the horizon behind / over the right shoulder.

I stopped paying attention to the person talking and watched another and another and a fourth boom and bright blast and mushroom formation rise skyward.

Statements by BHAKTIVINODE THAKUR :

“The root of all actions is the desire for acts, the root of which again is *avidya*. *Avidya* is the name for the forgetfulness of the reality that ‘I am *KRSNA*’s eternal servant’. This *avidya* did not commence within the course of mundane time. That root of *karma* of the *jiva* arose when he was at the juncture [between *cit* and *acit* regions]. As such, the beginning of *karma* is not to be traced within mundane time, and, on that account *karma* is beginningless.” (*JAIVA – DHARMA* , p248)

In *JAIVA – DHARMA* , BHAKTIVINODE THAKUR quotes LORD CAITANYA from *SRI CAITANYA – CARITAMRTA* as follows:

“The eternal nature of a *jiva* is the eternal servanthood of *KRSNA*. A *jiva* is the *tatastha* [borderline] potency of *KRSNA* and exists simultaneously as a distinct and nondistinct entity. When he forgets *KRSNA* he is averse to serve *KRSNA* and his aversion has no beginning as it dates before his incarnation within the four walls of time and space.” (*JAIVA – DHARMA* , p8) [excerpt from *OUR ORIGINAL POSITION* , p150]

Self expression is itself persuasive. When we see that someone is not trying to manipulate us, that all he wants to do is express himself, then I know for myself I always want to listen.
radio shows vol.2 p46

Eighteen kinds of material contaminations are described in the Visnu Yamala Tantra :

Illusion, fatigue, committing errors, roughness, material lust, restlessness, pride, envy, violence, disgrace, exhaustion, untruth, anger, hankering, dependence, desire to lord over the universe, seeing duality, and cheating.
nod p203

Excerpts – My Glorious Master

p11 Gurudeva is second class

p70 Prabhupada’s order for offering flowers for Vyasa Puja :

1 sannyasis

2 grhasta men with wives

3 brahmacaris

p79-80 Subas Chandra Bose and the Indian National Army

p26 1 If something is auspicious, do it immediately.

If something is inauspicious, put it off.

2 Something is better than nothing.

p53 The secret of Krishna consciousness is to arrange your day so you cannot forget Krishna for a moment.

p27 Take this Krishna consciousness and be happy. Jaya.

p60 This is our philosophy : learn something and teach others.

p119 knees down

p258 Giant eagles fly from planet to planet, eat elephants, and hatch

their eggs in outer space with the help of atmospheric friction.
p264-5 Send donations regularly.

BG 2 – 24 & 25

The soul is unchangeable. He cannot become the Supreme soul.

If we hear from those who are actually self-realized, then the nectarean rivers, like those which are flowing on the Moon planet, will flow into our ears.

nod p203

BG 4 – 8

There are various kinds of avataras, such as purusavataras, gunavataras, lilavataras, sakty-avesa avataras, manvantara-avataras and yugavataras – all appearing on schedule all over the universe. But Lord Krishna is the primeval Lord, the fountainhead of all avataras.

Vrindaban Days p179

He {Prabhupada} has taught us that, like soldiers on the battlefield, we're all subject to being knocked down, wounded, and even killed. When a comrade falls, we should rush to help him, knowing that each soldier is precious to the general. How often Srila Prabhupada has shed tears when Maya Devi snatched one of his soldiers! May the day never come when we rejoice to see a godbrother fall, eager to usurp his post or proud to esteem ourselves elevated by comparison.

The inhabitants of Siddha-loka and Carana-loka, the siddhas and caranas, are born with fully developed mystic powers.

nod p164